

Our Tramp Around the City!

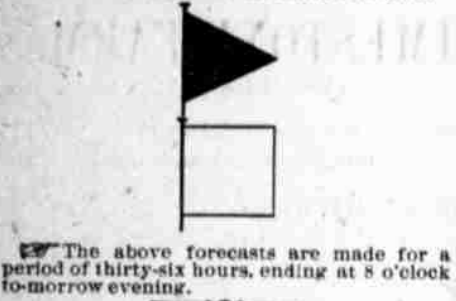


KENTUCKY WEATHER REPORT.

What We May Expect Between This Time and To-morrow Evening.

THE LEDGER'S WEATHER SIGNALS.

White streamer—FAIR; Blue—RAIN or SNOW; With Black ABOVE—TWO WARMER GROW; If Black's BENEATH—COLDER 'TILL BE; Unless Black's shown—no change we'll see.



The above forecasts are made for a period of thirty-six hours, ending at 8 o'clock to-morrow evening.



WHO HE IS.

When one talks of hereditaments, misprisions, and indentures, Of chattels and of mortgages, of choses and debentures, Of assumpsit, debt, and covenant, of trespass and attainders, Of writs of habeas corpus, of reversons and remainders, Of attaching and conveying, of signing and indorsing, Of femes, both sole and covert, separating and divorcing, Of words of twenty letters, which you'd think would break his law, You will then know that the fellow's just begun to study law.

Personal Points

If you have friends visiting you, or if you are going away on a visit, please drop us a note to that effect.

Hon. William H. Cox will leave this afternoon for Minneapolis.

Miss Lettie Wood of Louisville is visiting her aunt, Mrs. H. C. Morgan.

Mrs. F. A. Mannen will go to Covington on Monday to visit Mrs. George Bruce.

Mrs. E. K. Ramsey of Ripley, O., after a pleasant visit of four weeks to her children, returned home this morning.

Miss LIDA BERRY will this evening have a recital by her music pupils.

The written examinations will begin Monday morning at the Public Schools.

Boyle county has a conscientious taxpayer. William Phillips listed a pointer dog at \$50.

The Pastors' Union of this city will meet in the Study of Rev. J. S. Hays Monday at 3 p. m.

LAWSON DYE of Robertson, Sixteenth Kentucky, has now a pension of \$12 a month and \$300 back pay.

The next annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association will be held at Paducah, June 28th, 29th and 30th.

AUSTIN PORTER, who so brutally murdered his wife at Willard, Carter county, has been captured. Now let him be hung.

In Boyle county a six-year-old girl killed her eighteen-months-old sister by beating her brains out with a stick of stove-wood.

In the Covington City Court William D. Brent, Prosecuting Attorney, attempted to cowhide William Mahon, city editor of The Covington Post.

MRS. HANNAH GROOM, aged 80, who buried a former husband fifty years ago and is worth about \$50,000, was married at Covington to John Kuley, aged 95, a widower, whose financial status is not mentioned.

SERVICES at the Third street M. E. Church to-morrow at the usual hours will be conducted by Rev. R. M. Mitchell, of Dayton, Ky. At the 8 p. m. service he will deliver an illustrated temperance sermon. All are invited.

SPEECH OF JUDGE O. S. DEMING

At the Memorial Exercises in Maysville, on Monday, May 30th, 1892.

As THE LEDGER promised a few days ago, it now prints in full the Memorial Day address delivered by Hon. O. S. Deming of Mt. Olivet.

Being introduced by Colonel John Day, Mr. Deming said:

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am profoundly thankful to the members of the Joseph Heiser Post No. 13, G. A. R., for the partiality that has afforded me the opportunity of joining in the memorial services on this occasion.

The annual recurrence of Decoration Day, as well as the 4th of July, is hailed with joy by every patriotic American citizen. No two days in the history of this Republic will ever be regarded with more profound interest, or be honored with more periods in the history of civilization—two epochs in the annals of the world. They are twin eras, though born in different centuries. The one gave birth to the immortal principle of liberty, and the other scatters flowers over the graves of those who fought to preserve it in the terrible struggle of the second revolution.

To-day, all over this broad, beautiful country of ours, grateful hearts go out in fond remembrance to freedom's martyrs, whether their last resting place is marked by post or stone or marble shaft, or whether they sleep in nameless graves on bloody battlefields.

To-day loving hands place garlands of glory on soldiers' graves from ocean to ocean and from lakes to gulf. To-day flowers and emblems of immortal love will be scattered by affection's hands over heroes' dust. And over the nameless graves by the wayside and on battlefields gratitude will plant the rose of affection and moisten it with the tears of love.

Decoration Day is the soldiers' annual Sabbath. The temple of worship is composed of American hearts whose altar fires burn perpetually and send their incense of love to spirit soldiers on Heaven's camping grounds.

The soldier's tomb is the Mecca to which patriotism and love will make annual pilgrimages to pay homage to bravery and receive new inspiration from the memory of the heroic dead.

The soldiers' monument is the sacred stone which pilgrim patriots will encircle with wreaths of glory, and while the graves entomb the dust of our sons, our brothers and our fathers, yet all are the Nation's sacred dead.

The American Republic will never be ungrateful to her defenders, either living or dead. She dare not be, for ingratitude would stifle the love of liberty until patriotism would die to American hearts, and anarchy would enshrine her gods in freedom's temple.

The republics of Greece were ungrateful to their soldiers, and where are those nations to-day?

Rome remembered only the living, active soldiers, and where is that once proud mistress of the world? From the banks of the Tiber and the Hellespont there comes a warning voice to the American Republic which should not be disregarded.

Miltiades, whom Byron calls "freedom's best and bravest friend," gave liberty to Greece, yet died in an Athenian prison of wounds and of a broken heart. The matchless eloquence and incorruptible purity of Demosthenes harmonized the conflicting elements in the Grecian states, and for a time successfully defied the encroachments and power of Philip of Macedonia, but envy and base ingratitude caused his exile, and from that moment the Athenian Republic was doomed.

Bloody wars throughout all past ages have filled the land with desolation, blood and death. Nations have fought against Nations, the stronger conquering the weaker ones, and on their ruins have built up powerful empires that ruled supreme for a season, then fell before the swords of some mighty conqueror, and to the history of their decline and fall can be traced ingratitude to the soldiers. They were taught that bravery was the only virtue; that wars were waged for the aggrandizement of their leaders; that to be taken prisoner or yield to the enemy was an everlasting disgrace; hence the terrible slaughter during all these ancient wars.

Marathon, Arbelae, Zama and Pharsalia furnish the land with sublime examples of heroic, blood-drenched battles with rivers of blood, left the bones of countless soldiers to molder unburied on battlefields, made millions of widows and orphans and childless mothers, and all for what? To satisfy the inordinate greed of ambitious conquerors. It was the price of ambition. It was the consideration the world paid for a Miltiades, an Alexander, a Caesar and a Scipio.

Of the countless thousands that participated in these wars, that met the terrible shock of battle, that offered up their lives, that were left to die from saber thrust, on sandy plains, or crawled beneath some friendly shade to breathe their last, or totter home on crippled limbs to die in wife's or mother's fond embrace; of all this countless throng less than a score of names are known to history, and they all but defied; less than a score of graves are marked. Yes, flowers bloomed then as now, but no loving hands scattered them on soldiers' graves; they were woven into crowns to encircle the conqueror's brow, or trampled under the feet of the triumphant armies.

The successful leader was, for a time, worshipped as a demigod, until his blinded followers, trembling with awe and fear and a superstitious veneration would meekly bend their necks for the tyrant heel to press, or humbly place upon his brow the Emperor's crown. But how of the private soldier? The dead were forgotten and the living remembered only to

be sent to the front to meet death in the next campaign.

This is a brief history, yet a true picture of nearly all the wars that were carried on for over three thousand years previous to the American Revolution. And what was gained by all this carnage, this suffering and this blood?

Was the human race benefited by these terrible wars? Was mankind elevated? Was the scale of civilization raised? Was happiness promoted? Was art or science or philosophy encouraged? Were the Nations made more prosperous and happy? In short, was the human race made wiser, purer, better by these bloody conflicts? Every student of history will answer no. They threw a pall of darkness over and almost obliterated forever the civilization that had been handed down to them from former ages.

Egyptian science, Alexandrian literature, Sidonian art, and Grecian philosophy alike were buried beneath the dust of crumbling empires, and gave way to the crude art and still cruder philosophy of the Barbarian.

The Syrian and the Saracen could not appreciate the divine work of Hephæstia.

Athenian art and Athenian liberty, found their graves at Chæroneæ, and the Macedonian could see no glory in perpetuating the Ionic civilization.

The almost divine creations of Phidias and Praxiteles furnished the Ottoman with materials for ordinary buildings, and the harem of the Turks flourished near the academic groves of Plato and the ruins of the Areopagus.

We have referred to these scraps of history in order to more thoroughly emphasize the comparison we shall hereafter make.

We learn from this that these wars were waged, and all this blood was spilled to promote the selfish interest and to satisfy the restless ambition of a few unscrupulous rulers.

They were not carried on to establish a principle of right, either in morals or in government. They were not waged in the interest of truth and justice, or to establish or perpetuate a system of government founded on the inalienable rights of man.

Unscrupulous priests and tyrants were the custodians of human conscience, and personal and civil rights were withheld from the people, or sold to them for a price.

The gratification of selfish ambition was the power that moved the leaders, and the servile obedience of their followers was rewarded only by cruelty and ingratitude.

Yet, in one of the most fanatical struggles and destructive wars that ever disgraced Christendom, the Crusades, was developed a principle that outlived the bigotry and superstition of that age, revolutionized the governments of Europe and changed the destinies of the world.

These Crusades, while they exhausted the treasures of Europe, and after nearly two centuries of inglorious defeat and folly, leaving more than two millions of their bigoted followers to molder on Eastern battlefields, marking one half the globe with tracks of blood, not a vestige of this Christian conquest remains; yet, out of these fanatical expeditions, originating in a superstitious age, carried on by tyrants and rulers that did not acknowledge or recognize the natural rights of man, there came a principle that grew brighter and stronger as the ages rolled on, until it was developed and formed the corner stone of the American Republic. Kings, that they might replenish their empty treasuries, sold to towns and cities the privileges and immunities of electing their own magistrates and being governed by their own municipal laws.

In order to raise means to carry on these Crusades and enslave others, they sold to the citizens of towns and cities natural and political rights, they bartered liberty for gold with which to corrupt and enslave others and to increase and extend their own power. Thus, unwittingly, they implanted in the human breast the principle of self-government. It grew and flourished, notwithstanding its mighty struggle with tyranny and oppression, in after years and spread from city to city, from village to hamlet, until it became a dangerous element in the governments of the Old World, and they struggled long and desperately to crush it. But truth and right are immortal and cannot be crushed by tyrant power.

This principle, though suppressed, burned in the hearts of the people and purified and strengthened by its struggle for existence, it nerved the hearts of our forefathers to cross a trackless sea to plant it firmly in the Western hemisphere.

It is no wonder then that so many of these governments could not withstand the shock of time and have been "numbered with the Nations that have been." On the other hand the wars that have been waged in the United States have been to establish, preserve and perpetuate the immortal principle of self-government; to place on a firm foundation the statue of liberty; to restore to humanity the God-given rights that had been withheld by the governments of all past ages; to unfetter thought and tongue; to release conscience from the prison-house of priesthood; to afford an asylum for the oppressed; to establish a government of the humblest citizen; in short, a government founded on the inalienable rights of man.

How well our forefathers succeeded in establishing these principles by the first Revolution is known to every student of American history. How well our fathers, our brothers, our sons, and all participants in the second revolution succeeded in preserving and perpetuating them is known to the whole civilized world. And in our desire to pay homage to the honored dead of the second revolution we should not forget the heroes of '76.

The infant Republic was sprinkled with blood at Yorktown, and after almost a century of marvelous growth and development it was again baptized in blood and fire at Appomattox.

The heroes of the second war preserved

what was purchased with blood in the first, and it is for the American people to perpetuate a government that has been purified in the crucible of two mighty wars.

Washington! Grant! Two names that will ever be dear to American hearts—names suggestive of the birth and preservation of a mighty Nation; names that will grow brighter and dearer as ages roll on. Yet the halo of glory that will ever surround their names will extend with equal radiance through all time to every hero that suffered or bled or died in either war. And while we offer these tributes to the memory of those who have passed over the dark river, let us hope and pray that the American people will never forget or prove ungrateful to those who still linger on the opposite shore. Some, 'tis true, are still in the vigor of manhood, others bent and lame and diseased are tottering toward the grave, while others, with pale and furrowed cheeks, palsied hands and trembling steps are standing on the brink awaiting the bugle call that shall bid them march on to meet their comrades on the other shore.

While Americans should ever honor their country's defenders, the best way to show appreciation for their services and gratitude for their noble sacrifices is to preserve unscathed and hand down to posterity the blessings they purchased with their sufferings and their blood.

American statesmen may differ in their opinions as to the best way to accomplish this, yet I trust the majority of the people's representatives are honest and held in check by the patriotic masses, will faithfully guard this grand temple of liberty against all dangers, both from foreign and internal foes.

It is pleasant indeed to contemplate the grandeur, the glory and the power of this Republic. Yet this greatness was not attained without a struggle, and cannot be preserved without ceaseless vigilance and the wisest statesmanship.

This great embodiment of civil and religious liberty was conceived and brought forth in the agonies of war, and received its infant baptism in the sprinkling of blood, yet it was not regenerated, and it did not put on immortality until 1860, when expiring liberty cried out: "What shall I do to be saved?" The answer came from the Divinity which presides over the destinies of Nations: "Another sacrificial offering must be made for the sin of slavery; the Nation must receive a second baptism in blood," and when it "arose to baptism in newness of life," purified by fire and blood, and exalted by suffering, there were none to regret the great sacrifice that was required.

And when, during the New York Centennial, and witnessing the grand display in New York Bay, General Gordon, carried away with enthusiasm, exclaimed: "Is not this glorious? I am glad that I am an American citizen," he echoed the sentiments of nine-tenths of the Confederate soldiers to-day.

There are other grave questions for the consideration of the American people; but this is not the occasion, nor will time permit a discussion of them. Suffice it to say that slavery's twin evil, Mormonism, must be entirely wiped out; civil and political rights guaranteed to, and strict obedience must be exacted from every citizen. The people must be taught and persuaded that intemperance is a great and growing evil, then prohibitory laws will be respected and obeyed. The masses of the people must be educated at public expense, in morals, in business, in literature, in science and art, in short, in everything that will make man wiser and better, and make the Nation more prosperous and happy. There can be no substitute for universal intelligence and vital Christianity, and there is no better antidote for anarchical poison and governmental malaria than the thorough moral and intellectual training of the masses of the people.

No government can long maintain order, which is heaven's first law, or exist without knowledge; and no elective form of government where the will of the people makes the law and is the law can succeed unless that will is the embodiment of an enlightened moral public sentiment.

The Government should guard with the greatest care and caution the further extension of her territory, and it should be the policy to thoroughly Americanize all her citizens. No Nation, probably, ever rose to a prouder eminence or wielded a more powerful influence in shaping the destiny of its and of succeeding ages than did that mighty empire that sent its conquering legions from the gates of Rome. The growth of the Roman Empire was as rapid and as marvelous as its decline was prophetic and inevitable. It was the policy of her rulers to romanize every conquered province, and every foreign born citizen. If a foreigner would become an adopted citizen of the Roman Empire, he must not only swear, but bear and practice faithful allegiance to his adopted government. Yet it was not the love of Rome that nerved the arm of her conquering armies; it was the love of glory, a desire for the applause that welcomed home her triumphant soldiers, and the dread of the disgrace that cowardice or capture would bring upon them.

It took the Roman soldier one thousand years to learn the difference between patriotism and glory; and yet a thousand years of victories and defeats did not teach the Roman government gratitude to her private soldiers.

The soldiers who fled before the countless hordes of Attila were just as brave as the victorious hosts that, with Julius Caesar, crossed the Rubicon. Rome had extended her territory beyond her power to Romanize her subjects; the private soldier had at last learned that he was serving an ungrateful government, and his sword dropped from his hand and Rome fell.

The American people should learn two important lessons from this scrap of history. The soldier should feel and know that he has served or is serving a government that will never prove ungrateful. Her territory should not be extended and her population should not be increased beyond her power to thoroughly Americanize all her subjects. And this while we should open wide the doors of this grand "asylum of the oppressed" and extend a hearty welcome to the foreigner who, in good faith, desires to become a citizen of this great Republic; they should be made to understand that while we lay no embargo on their political or religious opinions, they must become good, true,

loyal American citizens. Yes, we welcome with extended arms the German with his philosophy, the Frenchman with his art, the Italian with his music, the Irishman with his wit, the Englishman with his sturdy common sense, and I will add, the Chinaman with his pigtail, but our immigration laws should be so restricted and enforced as to prevent the introduction of all dangerous and disturbing elements into our midst.

The question of capital and labor should be more freely discussed, and if better understood the cause for alarm from any serious conflict between them would be entirely removed.

They are both necessary factors of society, they are the foundations upon which rest a Nation's greatness and prosperity; they are the bone and sinew of National life, the one dependent upon the other, and they should go hand in hand through all the busy avenues of trade and commerce, and give united and brotherly aid to all the great industries of the world. Their united power should be evidenced in the marble palace, and the beneficent gifts that erect the splendid and oftentimes palatial homes for the poor and friendless.

If either withdraws from the other its hearty support, the pick and shovel are laid aside, the furnace blaze goes out, and the whirling spindle stops.

I assert an indisputable fact when I say that twenty-five per cent. of the colossal fortunes of this country were obtained by inheritance or by shrewd and fortunate investments that wronged no one; and that nine-tenths of them consist of great manufacturing plants, railroads, steamships, &c., that could not otherwise have been built, and the erection of which gave employment to labor. And when it is remembered that two-fifths of the wealth of these great money kings are freely given during their lifetime to build and endow great schools, great libraries, and various other charitable and benevolent institutions, and that two-fifths are used in developing the hidden wealth and resources of the country, the idea of a laboring conflict between capital and labor would lose all its horrors.

Brotherly love must also be encouraged; and the people of every section must feel that they are one people; that their interests are identical; that a policy that is of vital importance to one section of country will, of a necessity, promote the general prosperity and happiness of the whole people. Antisocialities growing out of the late war must be forgotten. Envy, hatred, and sectional jealousies must yield to patriotism and philanthropy as broad as the Republic itself.

It was the boast of the Roman citizen that "to be a Roman was greater than to be a king;" let it be the pride of every citizen of this great Nation that to be an American is greater than to be a Roman. Let us remember that one half of those that participated in the late rebellion on either side are dead and their places are filled with American citizens born since the war, and know nothing of that awful conflict except what they have learned from tradition or history. Some are descendants of those who fought under the folds of the sacred flag, and others who fought blindly though bravely to destroy it, yet let our conduct, our example, our teachings, our legislation, be such as will make undying patriots of them all.

Pause not, my comrades, to add a floral tribute to the brave Confederate grave; every flower will be a golden link in friendship's chain, that will bind more firmly the ties of union; they will bear mute yet eloquent witness to the sacred covenant of love made and yearly renewed between the friends of the brave Federal and Confederate dead.

Flowers is the language of love, reconciliation and peace; and every floral wreath we place on the grave of the Confederate dead will be a garland of glory that will awaken responsive echoes of love and forgiveness in Northern and Southern hearts.

Side by side let the prayers of the blue and gray ascend to heaven from the same altars, breathe the same undying devotion to our country, and let our tears mingle as they fall; and, year by year, forgetful of the past, as coming centuries roll on, let flowers be scattered over the graves of the blue and the gray, and sympathy's tears be shed for their memories, and the universal prayer will be:

"Great God we thank thee for this home, This bounteous birth-land of the free, Where wanderers from afar may come And breathe the air of Liberty. Still may her flowers untrampled spring, Her harvests wave, her cities rise, And yet till time shall fold her wings, Remain earth's loveliest paradise."

THE Ashland House at Lexington is being overhauled.

JOHN DUVALL, former clerk at the Ashland House, Lexington, will next Wednesday marry Miss Stella Pugh at Ruddle's Mills.

JAMES SLOOP of Robertson has a "schooner" cow. In 1891 she bore twin calves, and in less than eleven months thereafter she had three at a time. There's no "bark" on this.

SPEAKER MOORE of the Kentucky Legislature tried to get off of a moving street-car in Lexington the other day. Girl fashion he faced the wrong way, and as a result got mud on his clothes.

REMEMBER, THE LEDGER prints "Help Wanted," "Lost," "Found," and similar notices not of a business character, free of charge. The only thing we require is that the copy be sent in before 9 o'clock on day of publication.

THE entertainment at the Courthouse last evening, given by the young ladies of the Central Presbyterian Church, was certainly a success from an artistic standpoint, and we are glad to state, met with the financial support it deserved. The dramatization of the work "Elsie Dinmore" by Miss Lettie Wood shows that the lady possesses rare capabilities, and too much praise cannot be spoken of those who assumed the different characters.

THE young Vanderbilt who died a few days ago was prospective heir to \$110,000,000.

RICHARD W. SHELLEY of Lexington and Miss Lizzie Holliday of Clark county have been married.

FRANKFORT fired one hundred guns in honor of the Kentucky Centennial, and the state paid for the powder.

THE graduation exercises of the High School will take place at Washington Opera-house Friday evening next.

JOHN BRADY, son of a respectable citizen of Frankfort, has been arrested on the charge of seducing Katie Owen, aged 16.

THE boats of the Big Sandy Packet Company go no further than Gallipolis on account of the smallpox at Pomeroy.

THE losses from the recent flood in the Mississippi are put down at \$50,000,000, for which Kentucky comes in for \$200,000.

JULIUS REIS, a dude by profession, was playing with a pistol in Cincinnati, and will no more play with the Western half of his upper lip.

THOMAS J. STEPHENS, ex-Mayor of Cincinnati, is dead at 69. He was a native of Lexington, but had lived in Cincinnati since 1836.

C. C. BOYD, son of S. G., late of the late firm of C. W. & S. G. Boyd, lumber dealers, failed in Cincinnati for \$50,000, with assets of about \$35,000.

J. FLACK WINSLOW of Cincinnati and Miss Judith Stevenson of Covington were married Thursday evening. The bride is a daughter of the late Governor Stevenson.

In Paris a young man who had been out on a lark fell asleep on the sidewalk, and while in this condition a scoundrel came along and horribly mutilated him with a knife.

LAKE BROWN went into Bill Dickson's garden in Adams county, O., and tore up a lot of vegetables; and Dickson killed Brown so dead that the Coroner had an easy time of it.

THE articles of incorporation of the Oakwood Distillery Company have been changed to Poyntz Bros. Company, as will be seen from legal notice in another part of THE LEDGER.

In Congress Representative Caruth of Louisville presented a long petition from parents, physicians and pedagogues praying the prohibition of pestiferous cigarettes ought to prevail.

THE LEDGER was pleased yesterday to report the arrival of twin sons at the home of Hon. Harvey Meyers in Covington. It is now pained to record the death of the little fellows.

THE public examination at Hayswood yesterday was well attended by the patrons and friends of the school. The showing made by the scholars was very creditable, both to themselves and to their teachers. The proficiency attained by some of them was most gratifying.

HENRY MEYERS of Newport several days ago found his father, whom he had not seen for thirty years. The old gentleman went through the war and since then has been in the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, O., and the son found him through an advertisement in a newspaper. It certainly pays to advertise.

Improvement is the Watchword.

To keep abreast of the times, and to get a trifle ahead of them in some important respects, The State National Bank will soon make some radical changes.

At the last annual meeting of the Directors, it was determined to at once put in a modern vault and safe deposit boxes.

The present vault will be removed to the rear, and the entrance to the safe deposit department will be on Second street, just West of the present bank entrance.

These changes are made in the interest of patrons of the bank, and when completed no similar institution in the state will have better facilities for the transaction of banking business.

The work of carrying into effect the contemplated changes has been entrusted to William H. Cox President and Charles B. Pearce Cashier, and this of itself is sufficient guarantee that nothing will be slighted.

And Don't You Miss It.

Alba Heywood will "Star" next season in the Comedy, "Edgewood Folks." He writes us as follows:

Editor Public Ledger: I have purchased a suit of Sol Smith Russell's old clothes and have had it cleaned and repaired and will appear in it season of '92-'93. He wore it longer than any suit he ever had, yet when we took it from the peg upon which it had hung in Mr. Russell's closet for the past six years and brushed off the dust it had accumulated (it was always a great dust accumulator,) we found it of such excellent material that it was not worn threadbare in a single "place"—not even Minneapolis. Mr. Russell's shape, a la the latest fashion plate, and with its new velvet collar, its new satin lining, its bright new buttons, and its "new binding all around" it is as good as new and we call it, "New Edgewood Folks." The suspenders, or to be more explicit, the supporting parts, have been greatly strengthened and I shall venture out in it with modest confidence that there will be no embarrassing mishaps. My old friends and patrons will have an opportunity of seeing me "dressed up" next season. Yours Just in Fun, ALBA HEYWOOD.